

HISTORIC PINCKNEY

(Continued from Page 1, Part III)

a magistrate at Pinckneyville. He and J. F. Walker were brothers-in-law, having married the daughters of William Reid. J. F. Walker was the grandfather and William Reid the great-grandfather of the present writer, and her brother, William Reid Walker. Robert Black was another merchant of the village.

The Taylor house was occupied by Congressman Joseph Gist before he built his home a mile from the village. The latter place was afterwards the home of the late J. C. Farrar. William F. Gist was a merchant in Pinckneyville in 1805 and in 1821 was one of the justices of the Quorum for Union District. Districts have been called counties since 1868. Isaac Goring was one of the justices of the Quorum in 1828. Judge William Smith lived for a time at Pinckneyville and afterwards moved to Alabama. An old letter states that Judge Grinks held court at Pinckneyville in 1796. It is said Judge Abraham Nott presided over the last court at Pinckneyville.

At one time Thomas E. Suggs, the clock vender, lived in the Taylor house. He came from Waterbury, Conn. His clocks had wooden wheels and works, were considered good time-pieces, could be placed on the mantel, and were made at the Waterbury Clock Factory at Bullock's Creek. In after years, Suggs moved to Alabama. It may not be amiss to mention that Seth Thomas, of Plymouth, Litchfield county, Connecticut, owned six acres of lots in Pinckneyville and sold them to James Fowler Walker in 1847, who afterwards sold them to Dr. W. H. Sims. Dr. Sims owned and lived in the Taylor house for eight or ten years. He sold it to the late B. F. Foster, who lived there before moving to Union, and whose sons, as before mentioned, now own the site of Pinckneyville.

The Taylor house is in ruins. It was a two-story wooden building and was put together with wooden pegs. Part of what was a boarding house



GRAVE OF THOS. C. TAYLOR, PINCKNEY, S. C.

has been moved across the street and is used as a barn. The only landmarks left of this almost deserted village are two brick buildings—the old jail and the store—the latter said to have been built by Daniel McMahan. Both these have been fitted up for tenant houses and are occupied by Darnelle McMahan and family—descendants of the McMahan negroes. The jail is rather interesting. The brick wall of the room is eighteen inches thick and the size of the room is fourteen feet by twenty. It is plastered inside and has two windows and two doors. The shutters and doors are double planked and thick with nails well clinched. There is a chimney at one end of the room, and the two spaces between the fireplace and the walls were planked up and used as dungeons. These two dark cells would be small closets if they had doors. They measure two feet by four feet. It is said the criminals were lowered from the top.

Mills says Broad river was navigable to the Ninety-nine Islands for boats carry sixty bales of cotton—that the obstruction at Lockhart Shoals was overcome by a canal with seven locks executed by the State. Benjamin F. Logan and John McEntin owned a cotton house in Pinckneyville in 1829.

Stage coaches took the place of trains in those days, and ran rain or shine. They drove four horses to the coach and changed horses every ten miles. They carried the mail as well as passengers and their luggage. The driver would blow one long, distinct blast on the York side approaching Pinckney Ferry as a warning, and after that a short blast for each passenger, so the innkeeper at Pinckney would know how many guests to expect. It is said on good authority that the chickens became so accustomed to being chased immediately after the stage horn's daily blast that they would run for their lives when they heard it.

It is sad to think of the changes that have befallen Pinckney since those good old days. After the courthouse was moved to Union and the tide of travel changed when railroads took the place of stage coaches through the county, Pinckney went into a decline from which it never recovered. From a once thriving village it is left to a lonely fate. "So sleeps the pride of former days, so glory's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more."

HISTORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA SECESSION QUILT

This quilt was designed and made in 1860 by Mrs. Philip Drury Cook of Fairfield County, S. C. Mrs. Cook was the grandmother of Mrs. John W. Cunningham and Mrs. Jesse Hix, both of Union county. Her maiden name was Jenima Ann Threewitts Williamson. She was born in Virginia, but in early youth came with her parents to Fairfield County, S. C., and was there married to Philip Drury Cook, who in the 60's was Gen. Cook of the Coast Artillery of the S. S. A. Mrs. Cook was the mother of four children—one son and three daughters. The son, Capt. John Waring Cook of the United States army, was killed in the Mexican war. Of the daughters, the youngest died at the age of nineteen. The oldest married Walter Blount Williamson, the second married Col. Wm. Alston, both of Fairfield county.

While Gen. Cook was in service on the coast, Mrs. Cook carried on the plantation work with the help of an overseer. She spent the year 1860 in designing and making this historical secession quilt, which was given her oldest granddaughter, who is now Mrs. John W. Cunningham of Union county. Later on she made a quilt of very beautiful floral design, which she gave to her second granddaughter, Mrs. Jesse Hix, of Union, but when Sherman's men burned the Alston home in Fairfield they cut up this quilt and used it for saddle blankets.

Mrs. Jesse Hix, who lived with her grandmother when a very little girl, says she remembers that her grandmother put the quilt into the frame then rolled a big table under it and so sketched the entire design, and she remembers what a long, long time "Grandmother was making on it and how often the big frame had to be pushed to one side to make way for some other work."

The quilt is three yards square, and is made of fine white cambric, with a very thin wadding and quilted in tiny stitches to form the outlines. Then cotton picked from the seed by hand and bleached to snowy whiteness and carded by hand was shuffled with a bodkin through the sheer thin lining to raise the figures. This gives it a beautiful appearance and makes it really a work of art.

The design is historical and original. The centre represents an eagle whose outspread wings rest upon the inverted horns of two cornucopias, from which are falling fruits and flowers. From the beak of the eagle floats a streamer bearing the motto, "E pluribus unum." Upon the back of the eagle stands the Goddess of Liberty bearing a flag staff in her right hand, a sheaf in her left. Back of the Goddess to the right of the flag staff and just above the starry background is the word "Secession", beneath which is the date 1860. On the left of the Goddess is the name Yamey, while the ten letters in the name Washington form an arch over her head. Beneath this picture is the name P. D. Cook, the husband of the designer. In the beautiful border of flowers and beadings that surrounds this centerpiece four arches are inserted, each bearing the name of the four governors belonging to the Nullification Period—1830-1837. Above the Goddess is "Butler," below "Hamilton," to the right "McDuffie," to the left "Hayne." Around all this is a wide band of grapes and roses and in each corner two large cornucopias filled with fruit and flowers.

Midway on each of the four sides is the State emblem, the Palmetto tree and shields, and on each shield there are two cunning little figures.

On the approach of Sherman's army this quilt was packed in a box with other family treasures and buried deep in the earth. When taken up it was badly stained and discolored, and repeated washings were necessary. This, no doubt, has made the letters and figures less distinct. It was on exhibition at the Charleston Exhibition in 1902 as the following clipping from The News and Courier will prove:

"Union is without a doubt ahead in historical exhibits; the beautiful handmade quilt surpasses anything in design and workmanship on exhibition." Exposition Committee on Awards.

Mrs. Cook also made a dress for herself out of woolen threads ravelled from scraps of black cloth, carded and recarded by hand with white home-grown wool and woven on a hand loom into a beautiful gray cloth. The trimmed it with rows and rows of tiny buttons cut out by hand from a gourd and covered with black silk.

After the close of the war when the women of Columbia got up a bazaar for the benefit of the disabled Confederate soldiers, Mrs. Cook attended this bazaar and wore this dress. It attracted much attention and Mrs. Cook at once donated it to the bazaar. It was sold for \$50.00 in gold and the entire amount given to the fund for the soldiers.

THE LOVE OF A NEGRO MAMMY.

The dear old mammy of by-gone days is a thing of the past. She who used to make a courtesy with that grace not well copied—the dear old soul with the red bandanna handkerchief about her head and such a kindly, motherly look in her eyes. This her eyes used to kmfwypmfwypmfw bandanna seemed to give her an air of distinction. She was always patient and gentle, rather stout, but just seemed to glide along, and was a luxury never again to be known under the sun. Such was my mammy, George Ann Logan, for whom the "Sweet Chariot has swung low" and carried

her to the mansions in the skies. She lies buried at Lockhart church, where a monument was placed over her.

"Her people" she loved better than anything else and the children she brooded over as a hen over her only chick. We children were always under her tender care and she thought no child of any consequence unless "mammy raised." Well do I remember, when small, of being sternly reminded if things did not go to suit her ideas, and "old Miss" was going to be told if it happened again. Through all the years of childhood, she loved us, tended us, in sickness and in health.

And what a consequential air I had when mammy said I must now be called "young Miss." How she loved to see us dressed in pretty things. She would have nothing but the best and finest, and her own fingers bore fluted and crimped ruffles and laces to see us shine. That this love was true and since was shown by an act the last year of the war. A few years before, she had been made a gift of a French mull dress, which came in a "pattern" and this she prized so highly, that she would not even allow the scissors put into it—it was too beautiful to be cut into. She kept it in the box, wrapped in tissue paper in the top drawer of the "high-boy" that stood in one corner of her room. "High up," she said, "so the little ones could never soil it" for mammy's room was a beloved place. This dress was a fine texture with peach blossoms over it, just as if an April breeze had scattered petals over it. The last year of the war, it was very difficult to secure a nice dress of any description, at least anything like this, and it began to be a source of distress that her children were not arrayed as she had been seeing them. It happened that one of the soldier boys came home and there was to be a wedding and I was invited. My mother looked over my wardrobe with me and a dress that had been made over twice was at last selected for me to wear. Mammy came in to see what we were going to do about it, and I displayed the dress. She eyed it for several moments and then with a toss of her head, said: "The very idea of Mars William's daughter gwine to a weddin' in a made-over frock, and twice made-over at that" and left the room suddenly. Soon she was back and in her hands held the peach blossom dress. "Here honey," it suits you so much better dan dis old nigger, you were made to wear pretty things." I was deeply touched by this act, but could not take the precious dress. "Very well, honey," was all she said, but her eyes had a look in them that I had seen before when she was planning some pleasure for us. What did she do but go secretly to the neighborhood dressmaker nearby, and knowing every inch of me, the two made the dress a perfect fit. I was moved to tears the day I went to dress for the wedding, there beside the twice made-over dress lay a beautiful dress with peach blossoms scattered over it.

To this day I never see a peach tree in full bloom that tears do not spring to my eyes, for it so reminds me of dear old mammy and the lovely dress.

(Told by my mother, Joannah Smyly Payne).

Zena Payne.
Mary Ann Buie Chapter,
Johnston, S. C.

MASTER'S SALE.

State of South Carolina,
County of Union.

Court of Common Pleas.
The Enterprise Building and Loan Association, Plaintiff,

against

John D. Norris, et al., Defendants.
In obedience to an order made in the above stated case, I will sell at Union, during the legal hours of sale, before the Court house door, on Sales-day, Dec. 4th, 1916,

All that certain lot of land containing one-third of an acre, which was conveyed to him by L. G. Young and recorded in the office of Clerk of Court for Union County and State aforesaid, in Book P, No. 34, at page 211, and lying and being situated in the City of Union, County and State aforesaid, and commonly known as Lot No. 8 in the subdivision of L. G. Young's Dawkins tract as will appear more fully reference being had to a plat made by John L. Young in October, 1896;

Also, all that certain tract of land in the Town of Union, County of Union and State aforesaid, known as Lot No. 9 in John L. Young's resurvey and subdivision of Tract No. 2 of L. G. Young's Dawkins place in September and October, 1896, having the following metes and bounds—beginning at stake corner Lots Nos. 9 and 13 on Jackson Street, thence East 58 links to corner, thence Southeast 2.70 to stake, thence South 80 West 1.75 to stake, thence N. 3 E. 2.60 with Jackson Street to the beginning and containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less, and bounded on the North by Lot No. 13, East by Sophia Wright, South by Lots Nos. 7 and 8, and West by Jackson Street.

Terms of Sale: One-half cash, balance on a credit one year from date of sale with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum, credit portion to be secured by bond of purchaser and a mortgage of the premises, purchased to have the option of paying all cash.

R. C. Williams,
46-3 As Master for Union County.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard Nicholson have returned from their honeymoon trip spent in Northern cities of interest and are at home to their friends.

Capital \$60,000

Surplus \$50,000

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We have stood by the people of Union County for 44 years, and will continue to stand by you in the future. Remember the "Old Reliable" when you think of Banks. Let us have your Banking Business and we will give you the same faithful service in the future that we have given you in the past : : :

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F. M. FARR, President

J. D. ARTHUR, Cashier

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